The ACORN

April 1907

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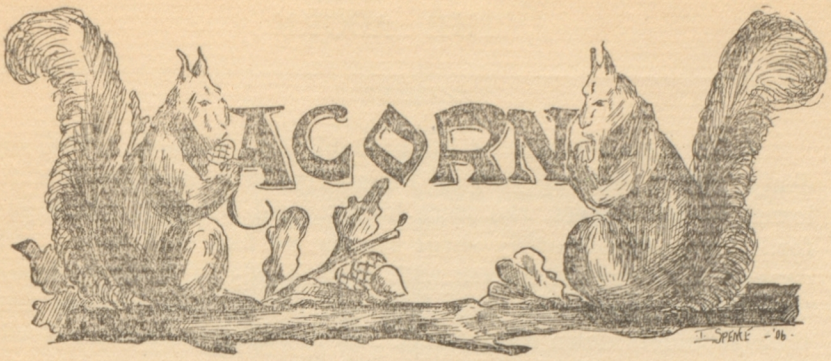

THE WINNING DANCE.

Situated a few miles from the town of Point Arena is the Digger Indian Reservation. The captain is a very important person in the eyes of the tribe.

Captain John was in command for several years. During his rule his daughter Sarah returned from a four years' course at the Indian school at Riverside. As she was an attractive girl, and could cook, swim, row, hunt, fish and gamble, all the young braves of the tribe hoped to win her.

Prominent among her suitors were two men, known as Jim and George. Captain John looked on both with equal favor, but Sarah seemed to prefer Jim, as she gave a little more encouragement to him than to his rival. The whole reservation took an interest in the affair. Finally the crisis came.

The Fourth of July is the day of days on this reservation. It is the gala day of the year. Among the festive displays is American dancing. The war dance is indulged in only once in three or four years, as few can dance it well. Jim and George knew that the captain fondly clung to the old-time war dance, and asked permission to have one. Both knew that whoever danced the best would be in high favor with him, and if either of them was the lucky one, the maiden would be his.

For a number of days everything was in preparation for the event. Finally, the great night came. We went to see the dance, and were invited to seat ourselves around a rope ring. In the middle of this ring a fire was burning, half a mass of glowing coals and the other flame and smoke.

We sat there fighting the swarms of mosquitoes, when, from a tent the squaws came, arrayed in their best dresses, ribbons and handkerchiefs. Each carried a handkerchief in her hands. They quietly took positions on two sides of the fire, took their handkerchiefs in both hand and began swaying their bodies back and forth, uttering a serie of sounds, at first in a low tone, then growing louder and louder, till they ended with a great burst, which sounded like "Hic! Hace! Hoc!"

These sounds continued for probably half an hour, when, suddenly, with a piercing yell, an Indian rushed in near the fire, followed by two others who were blowing red whistles, which gave forth the most unearthly shrill sounds we had ever heard. The dancers were typical braves with their bands of feathers around their heads, sandals on their feet, and fur mantles hanging from their shoulders down their backs. Their bodies were marked with black crosses in distinct lines.

The dancers marched around the fire uttering strange noises, and the women continued to sway their bodies and to say their "Hic! Hace! Hoc!" adding a few more unintelligible sounds. Then, suddenly, they disappeared into the tent whence they had come. Faster the war dancers went around the fire until they flew like madmen, still keeping perfect time to the hrill music of the reed instruments. Then one, whom we soon recognized as George, gave a wild leap over the fire, landing just in front of us, and at the sam etime blowing notes from his reed whistle. Quickly he turned to the fire, snatched a red coal, threw it into his mouth, and began his circuit again. A look of dismay passed over the face of one of the other dancers. A grunt escaped the captain, who was standing near us.

Jim jumped to the side of his opponent, threw three coals in quick succession into his mouth, leaped into the midst of the red embers, made a wild dash around the fire, and rushed into the tent. The others followed. Soon they reappeared on the run. They dashed this way and that, still blowing their whistles. Then came the skillful dancing—the really graceful movements, twists, turns, leaps, bounds and dashes to and fro. All these movements were in perfect time to the music. Jim, we saw, was losing ground. But, suddenly, he dashed past the other two dancers, leaped into the midst of the coals, and then ran gracefully around the fire screaming and yelling and giving an occasional whistling sound from his instrument. He shouted unintelligible words. The other two followed, but n the mad whirl around the fire, they became exhausted and disappeared in the tent. Jim continued his movements for about a minute longer, then snatched one final coal, threw it into his mouth, and rushed into the tent.

Everybody began to move away, we with the rest. Soon a song came fro mthe tent occupied by the squaws. We stood and listened. It ended with a word we knew, "Wadoo," which means come.

Soon we saw Sarah and Jim come, hand in hand, softly singing. We knew then that all was well. A crowd followed them and gave one song, then left the two to walk together up the winding path to the captain's home.

"SKIDOO."

It was a chilly winter day,
The term had jut begun;
The Seniors 'sembled 'round about,
Prepared to have some fun.

They pounced upon young Willie Jones,
A freshman wee and small;
They threw him in a blanket broad,
And tossed him as a ball.

His body disappeared from view,
He shot so high in space;
But soon he reappeared again,
And landed—on his face.

The Seniors laughed in fiendish glee,
They were so mean and cruel;
Young Willie said, "I'll get you yet,
Before you leave this skule."

All Seniors laugh at gifts of gab
That any freshmen own;
They think that they're too young and small
To talk to men full grown.

And so they tossed him up again,
E'en higher than before;
Though Doctor Thompson always said
It was against his law.

But when he did not reappear,
As gravity demands;
They thought that they had only brought
A scandal on their hands.

They looked up at the flagpole tall,
Where their class emblem flew;
They saw young Willie sitting there,
Which put them in a stew.

There sat this freshman all alone,
Where every one could see;
He crossed out their class numerals
And painted "Twenty-three."

—H. A. K.

WON AGAINST ODDS.

"Last call for the mile run!" The hoarse voice of the clerk of the course broke into an interval of semi-quietness following a prolonged rooting duel between the two rival sections.

Harold Conly, lying wrapped in a blanket in the Central High School tent, heard the call. A crowd of varying senations flooded his brain as he got up, left the tent and walked down the track toward the start.

The mile was the last event of the State Interscholastic Field Day, and the race would decide the championship. Throughout the meet the two crack teams of Amherst and Central High School had battled for supremacy; the score stood Amherst thirty-four points, Central, thirty-three. No other school was near the two rivals except Union High, which had piled us twenty-five, and the mile was the most uncertain race of the day. Captain Warren of Amherst had, on numerous occasions, shown his ability in the long race, having won the event for several seasons back. Conly of Central was a dogged, persevering runner, who had turned out for the first time the year before, and had succeeded in making third place in the State meet, which Amherst had won. This season, however, he had developed remarkably, and it was clear that the race lay between him and Warren. Now that the time had come, the result of the event would decide the field day.

As the runners gathered around the starter to pick their places there was a perfect babel of noise around the oval. On one side of the track the blue and white pennants of Central swayed hysterically to and fro, while the blue megaphones roared cheers and encouragement for Conly. Directly across the oval the orange and black draped bleachers of A. H. S. roared back their captain's name and their school yell, while individual voices from all around shouted and yelled approval and advice. It was known that no other athlete in the race had a chance to win, and the rooting sections of the smaller schools were silent, except for Union, who cheered vociferously for Amherst out of animosity against Central, as the latter school had decisively defeated Union in a dual meet a short time before.

The men lined up for the start, and a hush fell on the gay, beribboned crowds upon the bleachers. Conly had drawn the inside position; he was pale and nervous. The knowledge that if he won the race his school would win the hard-worked for championship, the awful fear of losing and having to face his team-mates, directly

responsible for their defeat after the weeks of hard, dismal training and their brilliant work during the meet was too much for his self-possession. He did not notice the meaning look which Warren shot at Bond, the Union High entry, as they stood in line, nor the fact that Woodruff, another of Amherst's trio, was crowding him rather more closely than was necessary. An expectant silence reigned for several seconds, broken by the level voice of the starter, "Get on your marks!"

"Get set!" Bang! Eleven lithe figures break into motion with a rush. A black upper shoots to the front, assumes the lead, and sets a killing pace around the first turn, followed by the bunch. It is Burton of Amherst, whose part it is to run himself out in the first couple of laps, in the hope of drawing Conly out and tiring him. A couple of the inexperienced runners try to keep up with him, but the rest are not deceived by the strategem and follow at an ordinary pace.

Two laps and Burton drops out, winded. As they turn into the stretch for the third lap, Warren increases his speed by a trifle, and begins to pull away from the rest. As Conly starts after him, Woodruff suddenly spurts past him, and Bond closes in at his side, the two pocketing him and boxing him in. A couple of the other runners are following directly behind, so that he is unable to slacken up and run around his opponents. Woodruff shortens his stride, forcing the Central High runner to run slower or be spiked. Thus the third lap is traversed, while Warren is running fifty yards ahead, with the long, easy stride peculiar to him. Wild excitement reigns in the black and gold bleachers; victory is apparently their's. Suddenly, just at the beginning of the fourth and last lap, Woodruff trips and falls directly in front of Conly, who is but a yard behind. Harold grasp the situation like a flash, and jumps high over the sprawling body of his antagonist, landing clear. All the wild, black rage which has been aroused in him at his foul treatment surges up and possesses him. A mighty roar bursts from the Central rooters as the blue upper speeds around the turn in pursuit of the black one ahead. Warren was beginning his sprint for the finish. Faster and faster flew the pursuing figure. Conly was desperate, and ran like a deer. They turned into the stretch for the finish, Warren fifteen yards to the good, straining every nerve and tendon. With every ounce of strength in his body Conly sped onward; his heart was beating in great throbs and his breath came in gasps. He was nearly done, but hate, lent him power. Inch by inch, he gained on his opponent until at the fifty-yard mark they were abreast. Down the stretch they came, both laboring heavily, their faces drawn and ashen. Neither heard the wild shouts and cries of the rooters as they approached the finish. The white,

worsted tape fell on Conly's sgiht, something seemed to snap in his brain, he shot forward in the last ten feet like a bullet and pitched unconscious over the line! Central had won.—R. C. F.

THE JOLLY JUNIORS.

I.

A time there was when we were "scrubs,"
A sorry time indeed that,
For then we needs must take all rubs—
In sooth, a sorry need that;—
But now we are the Juniors great,
The Juniors of vast power;
Although we've risen but of late,
Our freedom's now in flower.

Chorus:

Oh, we are Jolly Juniors now!
No longer "scrubs;"
No more hard rubs;
What fun have we!
Our joy's this key—
That we are Jolly Juniors now!

II.

They give us lessons, piled up high,
But we ne'er do much caring;
We always play, we never sigh;
While they mazed are staring.
We only play our time away,
If study or recite, oh—
We put off tasks another day;
We'll ne'er be erudite, oh.

Chorus.

III.

The English hard we never learn,
Or do our composition;
Our teacher dear does vow we'll earn
The terrors of perdition.
The hist'ry and the Latin dread
Can vex us one bit never;
We read them once—then off to bed—
No longer we endeavor.

Chorus.

IV.

And since we never do our "math,"
Miss Hewitt's frowns grow deeper;
Oh, oft she names the meed (in wrath),
And makes our lessons steeper.
And in the study hours all,
We're noisy as can be, oh—
Our actions, shocking, do appall—
Oh, such a class are we, oh!

Chorus.

V.

Our teachers threaten deep and dire,
(Oh, do you really blame them?)
The punishments we shall require,
'Tis frightening but to name them!
Oh, we have waited day by day,
Oh, long have we been waiting;
They make the marks so red, some say,
Before they send the rating.

Chorus.

VI.

Still Juniors terrify the school
With just their pranks alarming;
We'll heed not higher word or rule—
These Junior days are charming!
And still our teachers darkly say
How red those marks will be, soon,
If Juniors do not change their way,
They'll see, they'll see, they'll see, soon!

H. M. C. '09.

Class of June, 1907.

The high senior class are already making preparations for their final entertainments to be given this term. Owing to the non- arrival of mail from the East, the participants in the senior play were unable to begin rehearsing as soon as they had intended, but things are now well under way and progressing finely. Byron Paul and Fritz Claxton are in charge of the production of the play, and are determined to make "The Girls of 1776" outdo "The Modern Cinderella."

Owing to an error, the name of Miss Minnie Anderson appeared in the last issue of the "Acorn" as vice-president of the class. Miss Charlotte Brush fills this office, and we offer our apologies for the omission.

The senior "Acorn" staff has finally been decided upon, and work has already been commenced. Paul and Claxton were first elected editor and manager of the issue. Both resigned, and Miss D'Evelyn and Monte Haslett were chosen to fill their places. A thoroughly competent staff has charge of the various departments, and the '07 "Acorn" will surpass any previous edition ever gotten out by the school.

Senior Class Play

THE GIRLS OF 1907

IN

THE GIRLS OF 1776

Coached by Miss Rose Hohfeld

Watch this space for Date

Where Boys have a good time

CAMP AGASSIZ

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The Camp is managed by two Stanford Graduates.

A special camp for the boys; general camp open to ladies and gentlemen. For a booklet of the Boys' Camp write to **Walter K. Fisher** Palo Alto, Cal.

The recess bell had just rung and crowds of anxious students were gathered around the "Acorn" office.

"They say there are some fine exchanges here this month, although there are not so very many," whispered a small, red-headed girl. "The early bird catches the worm," replied her companion, as she pushed her way into the crowd. "Oh ,please give me something to keep me busy reading. Interesting, of course." The exchange editor immediately handed her the "Janus" from Hartford, California.

"I want the "Washburnian," her companion said. "I used to go to Washburn, and I do enjoy reading its paper. It's a fine paper, too; and what is more, it keeps improving."

"And what paper do you want?" inquired the exchange editor of a frightened "scrub." "Not particular," he tammered. "Give me that paper there with the sleighers on the cover." "The Vindex? Here it is, and I am sure you will find it most interesting. It comes way from Elmira, New York.

The next inquirer wanted a paper with some good stories. I noticed that the exchange editor gave him the "Owl" from Fresno, and said something about "three fine stories, and to be sure to read 'Patrick Murphy, President.' "

"Last month I didn't get a chance to read any exchanges. Please give me one of your best." "One of the best? Then take the "Bell" from San Jose. The cuts are excellent and the reading material is good, too. Still, the print might hurt your eyes. Take my 'specs.' "

"I want the 'Trident' from Santa Cruz. It has a fine sketch of the Santa Cruz Mission. It is a new paper, but the editor says it's a fine exchange with a brilliant future."

"Have you any paper with some good, original jokes?" inquired a fat, jovial-faced lad. "Yes," replied the editor, "here is the 'Review' from Sacramento, the 'Heraldo' from Denver and the 'Advance' from Salem. Take your choice." She laid them on the

table before him, and in an instant all were gone. It seems there were others looking for good joshes.

"The exchanges aren't all gone?" breathlessly inquired a young lady. "You promised to save me a good one." "And I kept my word," retorted the exchange editor. "Here is the 'Distaff' from Boston." The girl glanced at it for a moment and finally remarked, "What is without is all right." "And what is within," quickly interposed the editor, "is still better."

'I know what you are after," smiled the editor to the next in line, "you want the 'Pedestal' from Washington. Be sure to read that little poem, 'What Shall the Pedestal Do?' I should like to give a copy of that to every student in this high school."

"The paper from Indiapolis? The 'Mirror?'" "Yes, here it is. The entire arrangement is fine. The 'Occident' from Albuquerque is its equal in that respect."

She next handed out the "Aegis" from Oakland and the "Oahuan" from Honolulu, remarking something about "fine cuts." I saw her pass out the "Sentinel," Los Angeles, the "Hesperian," Hoquiam, Wash., the "Cardinal" from Covina, the "Lanthorn," Rochester, N. Y., the "Sequoia," Redwood City, the "Comet," Reno, the "Ilakawinn," Pendleton, Ore., and the "College Echoes," Siloam Springs, Ark. Then finally I stepped up to her. "Have you ——?" "No, I haven't any more. You're too late!" "Too late!" Th wordes passed down the long line of students still awaiting their turn. Disappointed, they turned away, resolved next time to be earlier and praying that next month there be more exchanges.

BOOK REVIEW.

This department is somewhat new, having been started when the close of last term was drawing near. It is hoped more benefit will be derived from it by the newcomers than was deduced by those who have been graduated, as there is a veritable supply of literature, and the critic, whose duty is to select that which is fit to be read by the freshmen, has found his task to be somewhat larger than expected. On that account only a very small portion of one author's works have been commented upon, and as they deal so deeply with their respective topics, many times the critic has been forced to abandon them.

Following are three books worthy of training the younger minds of the nation, and very characteristic of the author:

I. How to Keep a Secret. Published by the Gladys Amann Co., 12-mo., cloth, $1.50 net. By Charlotte Brush. Deals with the ways of women, the limit of confidence to be intrusted to them, etc.

II. The Way to Put Your Friends in Office. Published by the Bailey-Anderson Co., 12-mo., cloth, $5.00 net. By Miss Brush. Tells of the untiring efforts of a henchman, etc. It is a story worthy of being read by any one with political aspirations.

III. How to Become a Great Actress. Same author. 12-mo., cloth, $5.00 net. Published by Paul, Claxton & Co. Is invaluable to any young girl whose ambition is as great as her oratorical faculty.

Number three is one of the finest books of its kind, the substance of which is—stay on the right side of the manager. It is a great exposition on diplomacy in which scruples ar eentirely neglected.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

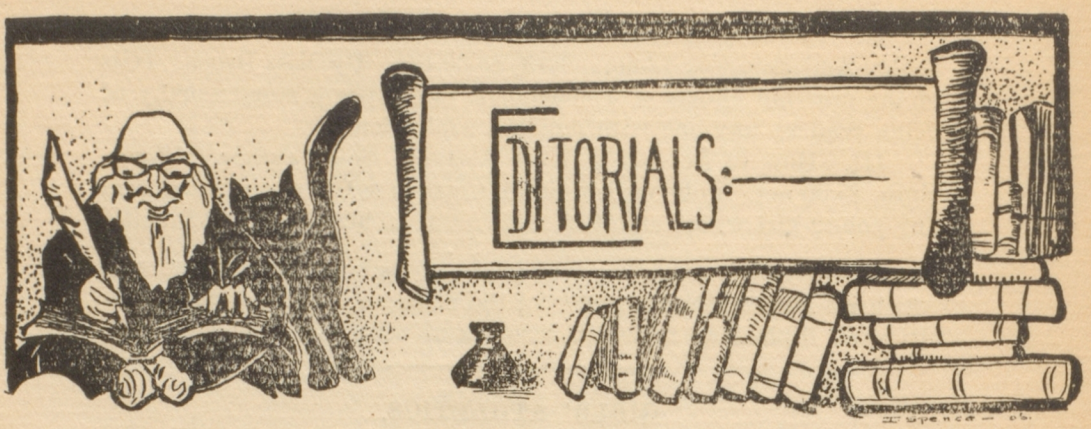
Despite th eweary weeks of bad weather, basket-ball has been progressing rapidly. On clear afternoons the girls have practiced diligently on their own court, and on rainy days have played in the Unitarian gymnasium. The team is in very good condition, and before the close of the term will surely have many victories to its credit.

The good work was commenced on March 19th, when a practice game was played against Oakland Polytechnic in the Reliance gymnasium. The score was 34 to 11 in favor of Alameda, so the team is indeed to be congratulated. The game was arranged at almost a moment's notice, but, owing to the competent leadership of Miss Sackett, the captain, the girls were colected and taken to Oakland in the rain, almost before they knew what had happened. The game was not only satisfactory because of that grand, big score, but also because of the god spirit our opponents showed throughout the entire game, even though they were so badly defeated. Our girls have never met a team that played a fairer game or showed a more sportsmanlike spirit. We hope to play you again, Poly.

The line-up for Alameda was as follows: centers, Alice Rank, Ethel Murray, Constance Mulvany and Gertrude Brown, alternate; guards, Hermina Schlageter, Ruthven Sackett and Grace Dudley; goals, Elizabeth Walton, Irene Wood and Martha Gordenka.

The Lick game, which was to have been played March 16th, has been postponed until after the April vacation, and the girls hope then to play the game they have so long planned. The weather can then be depended upon—perhaps. The school must help the team to defeat Lick by supporting the girls heartily, for we mustn't let Lick win everything, you know.

Two other games will be played shortly after vacation, one with Mills College and another with Fruitvale High. If the scores are as gratifying as that " 34 to 11" one, well—wouldn't that be great?



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THE STAFF.

Byron Paul '07.....Editor-in-Chief.
Bessie Yates '07.....Stories.
Russell McFarland '08.....Jokes.
Jane Cooper '07.....Exchanges.
Edward Dowdle '07.....Boys' Athletics.
Fritz Claxton '07.....Boys' Reporter.
Gertrude Brown '08½.....Girls' Athletics.
Charlotte Brush '07.....Girls' Reporter.
T. H. Searle '07½.....Business Manager.
Henry Kassebaum '08½.....Assistant Manager.
Ruth Holt '08½.....Art Staff.
Allan Beringer '07½.....Art Staff.
Chas. Medcraft '09.....Art Staff.

In the midst of our term we found ourselves called upon to bid farewell to two of our most esteemed instructors. They were with us since we were established in the present building, some four years back, and by our pleasant daily association with them we were reluctant to see them go. We hope Miss Frisius and Mrs. Coldwell all the good fortune possible.

The inestimable source of benefit to be derived from the lectures of Professor H. Morse Stephens should not be neglected by any student of the High School. Through the efforts of the University Extension Center the venerable professor consented to deliver a course of lectures about the Elizabethan period, dwelling particularly upon statecraft and the policy of the government, religion and the ministers. To any student of English history this course is invaluable, and by the nominal fe of admittance everyone is enabled to attend.

May the University Extension Center be given every encouragement at the command of students.

The initiative having been taken by the High School students in the purchasing of a public playgrounds, it behooves them to continue their attempt. The Board of Education and the City Trustees can hardly be expected to carry the proposition alone; so when your assistance is called for, every pupil should put forth his best efforts, so that he may develop in physique as well as in mind.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

The passing of the resolution doing away with the ten-day interim between the day of nominations and election of officers for the associated body was certainly the most beneficial piece of work accomplished by that body for some time. It is well the resolution goes into effect immediately, as the electioneering, so abused at the first constitutional election, is entirely eliminated.

The faults are not so numerous in this lengthy document as might be expected (thanks to htose who drafted it), but one thing to be required is the definite establishment of dates for meetings of the student body. The place to develop school spirit and to make public speakers is at one of these meetings. We should have them as often as possible. School life becomes monotonous with no divergencies, and what is most desired is a regular schedule of the meetings.

M. T. Hopken, Pres. L. C. Hopken, M'g'r.

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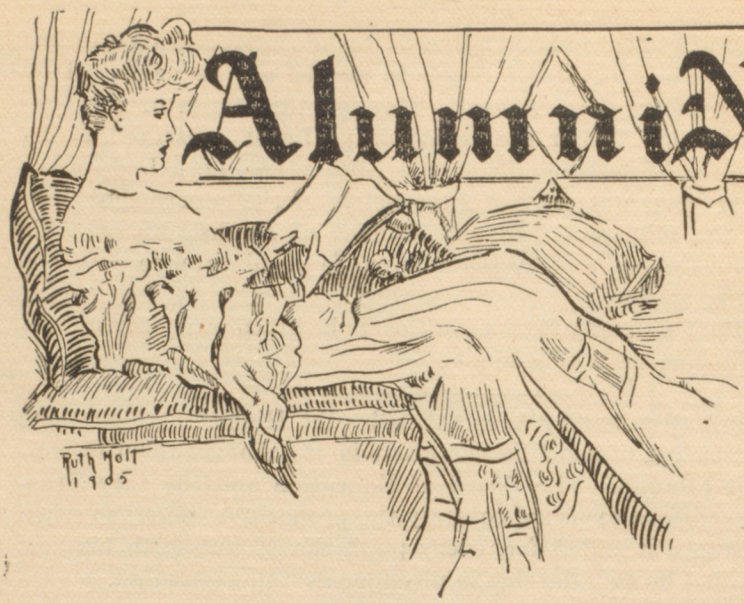

Alumni Notes

The class of December '04, which has been holding meetings at regular intaervals ever since its graduation ,assembled together on January 5, at the home of Evelyn Sherrard, formerly the class secretary. Fourteen out of a membership of twenty-four, were present, and an entertaining evening was passed. Fletcher Slosson, president of the class since its graduation, presided at the meeting. The principal business of the session was the election of officers for the current year, and resulted as follows:

President .....Arthur Rader.
Vice-President .....Dorothea Macpherson.
Treasurer .....Laura Wells.
Secretary .....Norman D'Evelyn.
Class Historian .....Laura Wells.

Those present at the meeting were: Deane Tisdale, Evelyn Sherrard, Dorothea Macpherson, Laura Wells, Florence Schultz, Ruth Nottingale, Gertrude Bruno, Arthur Rader, Fletcher Slosson, Norman D'Evelyn, Ford Samuel, Fred Mudgett, Robert Parker and Webster Macloon. N. D'E.

Ella Shrieve arrived home from her Eastern trip the first of the term. She traveled throughout the East, but remained longest in Virginia.

Charles Brandt is working in a bank in San Francisco.

Adrienne Rossiter is a proprietor of a large ice cream parlor in Los Angeles and is doing very well.

Frieda Phiel has announced her engagement to Joe Emmal. Both were members of the class of June '06.

Henry Jackson and Walter Innes are taking P. G. courses and expect to enter U. C. next term.

Laura Sargenat, a former student of A. H. S., is back at school taking a course in stenography.

Florence Parker expects to enter Harvard next term to take a special course in physical culture.

Adele Ehrenberg is back taking a P. G. course. She expects to enter Stanford next semester with a number of other boys and girls.

Maude Murphy has returned from her visit with her sister in Texas. She was gone eight months.

FRATERNITY NOTES.

President's Order No. 1, 1907.

San Diego, Cal., January 2, 1907.

Cal. Eta Chapter of Pi Delta Kappa, Alameda High School, Alameda, Cal.

Dear Brothers: You are hereby notified that Cal. Eta Chapter ceases to exist from this date as a chapter of the Alameda High School, but is a chapter of the City of Alameda, Cal., and your chapter will hereinafter be known as Cal. Eta Chapter of Alameda, Cal.

Fraternally yours, PERCY H. GOODWIN, Grand Pres.

PHI KAPPA EPSILON.

Gamma Chapter of Phi Kappa Epsilon, established during the early part of the current term by Alpha from Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, is progressing rapidly. Among the members of the local chapter are several students who are prominent in school affairs.

BASEBALL.

St. Mary's, 8; Alameda, 8.

Our first game was played with the St. Mary's aggregation (the Young Phoenix). It was rather a slow game, resulting in a tie, but with all due apologies for the beginning. Despite the loose playing the game was startling at inetrvals. Gale started the twirling for Alameda and was succeeded by Murphy, who gave way to Brush. The main feature of the game was the stickwork of Gale and Kues.

Cadets, 5; A. H. S., 3.

The second game of the season was between the first corus cadets and Alameda, in which the latter were victorious. Gale began pitching with many wild throws, but soon settled down and the rest of the game was worthy of any spectator's attention.

St. Ignatius, 12; A. H. S., 10.

When St. Ignatus came over the fellows were too confident of victory and started the game in a very careless manner. Several men were tried in different positions and when their minds were settled on the game there were some star performances. Murphy, Henn, Gelderman, Kues and Johnson proved themselves very clever.

St. Mary's, 10; A. H. S., 1.

Alameda went over to St. Mary's March 14th and the trip was evidently too much. The team was beaten 10 to 1. Nuf ced.

Homer's Mother—What studies are you taking now, Homer, dear?

TRACK.

Macaulay is the mainstay of our hopes this term. In the B. C. L. and A. A. L. we expect him to win both the 2.20 and 4.40. Never before has he shown such form. Even the newspapers are recognizing his ability and are lauding him. Besides Macaulay we have Jackson, who has been running a fast 220 and 100; and Perkins, who is doing the 440 and 880 in good time. Sepulveda is out and in shape for the 100 and 220, and Claxton is going to do something in the 880.

Besides these we have Shattuck, a good miler, and Tufts, a 880 man, Kues for the high jump, and Frick for the shot put. So far this term Frick has shunned all turning out, and it is to be hoped that he will get a hustle on and train for the B. C. L. and A. A. L.

ARBOR DAY EXERCISES.

On March 7, 1907, the school celebrated Burband Day in unique fashion. At eleven o'clock the entire student body assembled in the auditorium and listened to several addresses on the value of a public playground, and facilties for outdoor sport. The Glee Club rendered a splendid program, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Altogether, the event will not be soon forgotten by those who participated in it, and it gave the playground idea a good boost forward.

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Ah, what a pretty miss!
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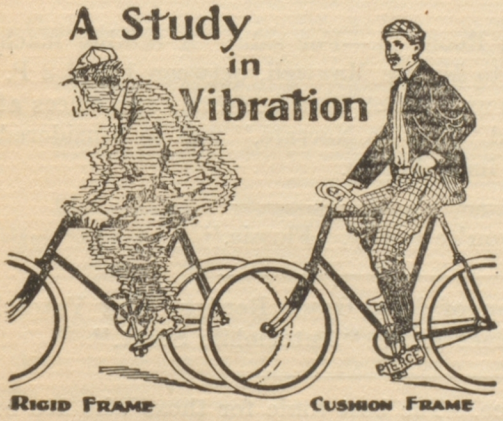

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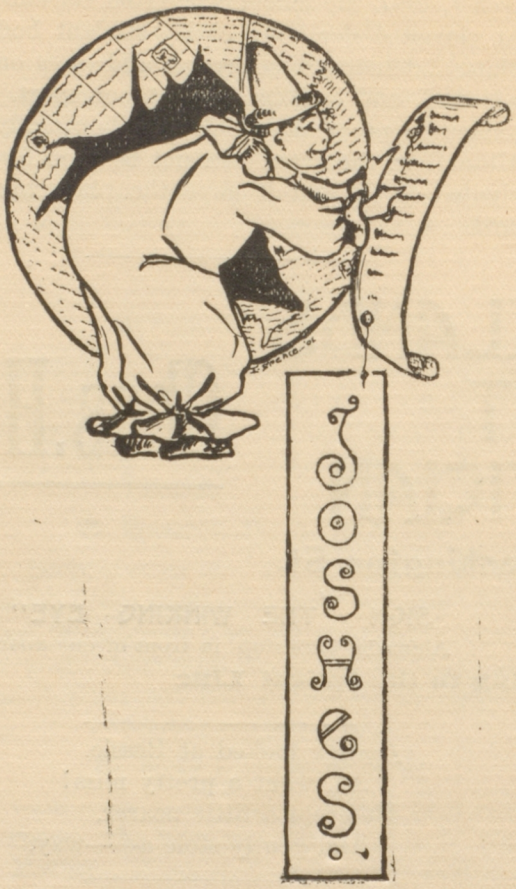

Advertisement from Room 14.—For sale: A talking machine and one record. Apply to Myrtle Maxwell, between 1 and 2 P. M.

Note—The record is an extract from her own experiences after three years' trial entitled "How to Narrate," will be considered as part of the sale if taken immediately.

All the boys know you're pretty, "Flossie."

Since the graduation of Miss Grace Renner, Miss Yates has volunteered to fill her place in the "Automobile Stunt."

Baseball Boys, Notice.—The best tonic for those who are back in their studies: "Ketchup."—Ex.

Who's de Guy? What Guy? Guy Kues.

D. T. (reading a composition on first swimming lesson)—"The only other person in sight was a large black dog."

Morell Porter evidently is preparing to run for the office of "King of the Queeners."

Miss Walton (M. A. Chem.)—When a thing combusts—
(Hilarious outburst from class.)
Mr. Minium (trying to cover Miss W.'s embarrassment)—Well, I've heard a bigger man than Miss Walton use that term.

History Teacher—What did the Servian slaves do when they were captured by the Romans?
F. G.—All that didn't kill themselves committed suicide.

Mr. Gilbertson to C. B., after she had made one of her famous bluffs.—"Allow me to congratulate you Miss Brush on your wonderful historical imagination."

Algebra Teacher—What is it that ascends and descends?
Bright Pupil—An elevator.

"Genty the (dews) are o'er me stealing," as the "scrub" said when two due bills were presented him.

Slim Gale came panting into the house, running to his mother one evening and said, "Oh, maw, three girls were chasing me." We wonder how true this is.

I. Gottheim, acting chairman of oral English class—The motion is that one judge of the debate be a "sorority" man.

English Teacher—H. Spence have you read Shakespeare and Chester Tufts have you?
Both—No, but we've (red hair) read Heir.

Little Girl—"Mamma, when I grow up, will I walk like the High School girls?"
Mother—"I hope not."

Miss Dyer will now proceed to instruct her botany class upon "How to make a flower study." We wonder what kind of influence she will use.

What One High School Girl Said to Another High School Girl.

Say, I've something to tell you. It isn't a secret; a great many people know about it; but just the same I don't think you have heard it, and I do just love to be first to tell anything good—and this is really too good to keep. Anyway, I think it is something we ought to talk about, and I am sure you will agree with me and will be anxious to tell all the girls to tell their mothers, and tell all the boys to tell their sisters to tell their mothers. What is it? Why, that you can get the loveliest steaks and the dearest little lamb chops, and, oh, just everything in that lone the best of any place in town—and everybody goes there, too. Grand Central Market, Bay Station, Sanford & Lick, Fones 438 and 439.

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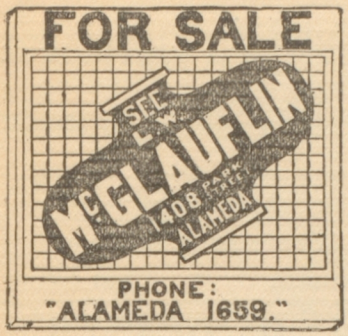

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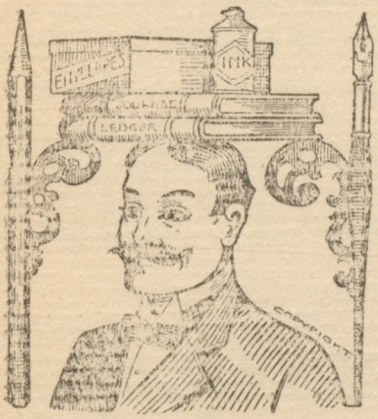

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